To take on me the holy Crosse of Christ,
And carry Armes in holy Christian warres.
Pand. No *Iohn*, thy crowching and dissembling thus
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,
Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee:
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curst without redemption.
Ioh. Accurst indeed to kneele to such a drudge,
And get no helpe with my submission,
Vnsheath thy sword and slay the misprowd Priest
That thus triumphs ore thee a mightie King:
No *Iohn*, submit againe, dissemble yet,
For Priests and Women must be flattered.
Yet holy Father thou thy selfe dost know,
No time too late for sinners to repent,
Absolue me then, and *Iohn* doth sweare to doe
The vttermost what euer thou demandst.
Pand. Iohn, now I see thy hearty penitence,
I rue and pitty thy distrest estate,
One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
And onely one which I shall shew to thee.
Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome
Thy Crowne and Diadem, then shall the Pope
Defend thee from th'inuasion of thy foes.
And where his Holinesse hath kindled France,
And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,
Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,
That seeke the discontentment of the King.
Ioh. From bad to worse, or I must loose my Realme,
Or giue my Crowne for penance vnto *Rome*:
A misery more piercing then the darts
That breake from burning exhaltations power.
What, shall I giue my Crowne with this right hand?
No: with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.
What newes with thee?

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Please it your Maiestie, there is descr
Kent an hundred Sayle of Shippes,
thought to be the French fleet, vnder
Dolphin, so that it puts the country i
send to your Grace for succour.
K. Ioh. How now Lord Cardinall, w
These mutinies must be allaid in time,
By policy or headstrong rage at least.
O *Iohn*, these troubles tyre thy wearied
And like to *Luna* in a sad Eclipse,
So are thy thoughts and passions for this
Well may it be, when Kings are grieued
The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthro
Card. K. *Iohn*, for not effecting of thy
This strange annoyance happens to thy
But yet be reconcil'd vnto the Church,
And nothing shall be grieuous to thy sta
Ioh. Oh *Pandulph*, be it as thou hast d
Iohn will not spurne against thy sound ad
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I tr
My Realme shall flourish, and my Crown

Enter the nobles, Pembrooke, Essex, C
champe, Clare, *with others.*

Pemb. Now sweet *S. Edmund*, holy S
Whose Shrine is sacred, high esteem'd on
Infuse a constant zeale in all our hearts,
To prosecute this act of mickle weight,
Lord *Bewchampe* say, what friends haue y
Bewch. The L. *Fitz-Water*, L. *Percy*, a
Vow'd meeting here this day the leuenth
Essex. Vnder the cloke of holy pilgri

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)